

No. 4

FEBRUARY 12, 1966

7^D

Lady PENELOPE

ELEGANCE CHARM AND DEADLY DANGER



CHOOSE LADY PENELOPE'S
NEW STAIRCARPET AND WIN
ONE OF THESE FAB OUTFITS

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. • BEVERLY HILLBILLIES • MARINA
BEWITCHED • SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON





Your post, M'Lady



HELLO, and welcome to the fourth edition of LADY PENELOPE! Parker is sitting right beside me now sorting out a whole heap of letters that have just arrived in this morning's post. Thank you all for writing!

I have selected some of the interesting letters you have sent in, and they are printed below. Each of these readers will receive ten shillings. If you could do with a little extra money, why not write to me? You may want to have a little grumble about something, perhaps you don't agree with some of the letters here, or maybe something funny or exciting has happened to you, and you feel like sharing it—whatever it is, please don't hesitate to write. I am interested in whatever interests you!

If you would like your letter to be considered for publication, please remember to stamp it with the seal on the signet ring which was the free offer in the first issue of LADY PENELOPE. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you would like a postal reply.

**WRITE TO: LADY PENELOPE, 167 FLEET STREET,
LONDON E.C.4. (Comp.) and you may win ten shillings!**

ones. We've been taught old-time dancing like the St. Bernard Waltz and the Country two-step. The more modern dance we learnt is the twist and that went out with cardboard milk bottle tops.

Christine Barker,
Cambridge.

I quite agree with you, Christine! It's about time you learnt some modern dances as well.

SCREAMERS

Last December I went to see my favourite pop group, the Beatles. They were playing at a local theatre. I was very excited and was also pleased to find out that another of my favourite groups, the Moody Blues, were also on. I screamed so much that I fainted during the Moody Blues' act and didn't even get to see the Beatles. How about that?

Theresa Norman,
Manchester.

I'm very mad with other fans who scream and go wild when they go to see their favourite group on stage. The screaming divides the rest of the group so that it seems as though they're missing. Why can't people show a bit of consideration for others who want to hear as well as see the group?

Marianne Robinson,
Cardiff.



There he was, a bit thin, but large as life. To this day we don't know what happened to him.

Gillian Gough,
Chorley.

BEAUTIFUL... SNAKES!

Girls are always pretending that they are afraid of snakes. My father has a vivarium, which is like an aquarium only instead of fish it's snakes. They are really beautiful. There are four of them, Tonga, Fangy, Lazy and Bert. They are quite harmless. I often hold them and they are always very friendly, especially Bert, who is a lovely little green snake.

Allison Cooper,
Derby.



I used to wear glasses for reading as well, Lulu. With the aid of glasses, eyes often get better as you grow older.

TAKE YOUR PARTNERS
Five months ago I've been attending evening dancing lessons held in the school hall. We learn every sort of old-fashioned dance like the waltz and the quickstep, but they never teach us new

To scream or not to scream? I should be interested to hear other readers' opinions on this.

CAT CAME BACK

I was so pleased when my cat, Rupert, returned home after being lost for four months ago and I had lost all trace of him. I had given up hope of ever seeing him again. Then one evening we heard loud miaowing outside the back door!



I think Scott Tracy of International Rescue is gorgeous. Please may I have some facts on him, Lady Penelope?

Susan Houghton,
Southampton.

Scott Tracy, the pilot of Thunderbird 1, is the oldest of the Tracy sons. He is very dark, has dimples and is extremely charming. He reads a lot in his spare time, and his favourite food is steak.



DON'T PINCH!

I often do the shopping on a Saturday morning,

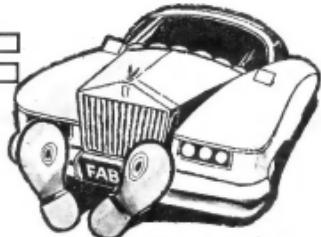
and really get annoyed when I see women customers pinching carrots, pressing lemons, and pinching pears. It is very unhygienic. The other day I went into the greengrocer's and there was a little notice on the tomatoes that said "Don't squeeze me till I'm yours."



Gloria Mathews,
Bath.

PERILS OF PARKER

CLUMSY . . . ARTFUL . . . AND SAFE AS HOUSES!



Thought I don't like to keep 'parking on its before I come to face it. I had a very wobbly life climbing up chandeliers, crawling through windows and suchlike...

LINE UP...



so I got to work...



THE MAN FROM

U.N.C.L.E.



WITHOUT WHOSE ASSISTANCE THIS FEATURE WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE





SANDY lay stretched out on the crackling snow of the mountainside, her left hand hooked into the tough patch of heather on the very lip of the treacherous crevasse which had opened in front of her. Her right arm was bent, and its fingers were already losing their grip on Gerard's hand. Beneath her, daughter helplessly above the sickening death-slope, the young student farmer who had rescued her lay huddled up with silent, pleading terror.

Sandy groaned aloud and turned her eyes apprehensively toward the out-of-sight, a moment ago, the creaking track bed where the man was standing. The man who would track her to the ends of the earth to silence her for ever. The man called Gerard.

"I can't call for help! I can't!" The words chased endlessly through Sandy's mind. And now her eyes met Gerard's again, and she knew that if she kept silent longer, he'd be only seconds away before his knife completed.

It was as though Gerard read before her mind. "Don't call, Sandy! It would be no use! That man—he would find us, and he would kill us free. We would die here! You must save yourself!"

But then, suddenly, Sandy was aware of the hard lump of the diamond in its watch-chain bag, pressed against her breast. And she knew that the place-crust beneath her. In that instant, a desperate plan for at least a momentary survival, flashed to her mind:

She pinched her mouth and yelled for help at the top of her lungs!

THAT same called Numerai 1 whirled on his heels at the sound of the cry, and a gleam shone deep in his darkly narrowed eyes. In no more than half a dozen steps, he had crossed free the road to the mountain slope, and his teeth bared in callous defiance.

A curious feeling of relief relaxed him, for Numerai 1 himself was a man who walked in the shadow of fate. "Now," he breathed, "Now I'll make you pay for that! You'll be sorry when the master will be pleased . . . well pleased!"

But before he struck down the slope, Numerai 1 felt in the pocket of his strange, uniform jacket, and there, in the dark depths of the lining, the stark figure pointed on the forehead. It was completely in his ice-cold nature to let Sandy go down to her doom without even seeing the face of her killer.

Just as Gerard had predicted, he was down toward the helpless couple, ready to kick the pair of them to the snow-shovelings below. Sandy stared at him, her eyes desperately at the menacing figure towering above her. "You've got to pull him up!"

Sandy trembled with fear, but she hadn't prepared for the final, yet subtle trick of command in Sandy's voice. It halted him for an instant . . . froze him like someone playing a greatest game of stakes . . .

"I said pull him up!" Now Sandy's voice was more level, and command had given way to triumph.

"You'd better. He'll slip free any second!"

"Se?" Numerai 1's oddly cultured voice was tinged with impatience.

"He's got the diamond in his pocket," lied Sandy.

"I gave it to him."

It could have been true. There was the lame old story about Numerai 1. One didn't afford to ignore it. With a snuffed curse, he dropped one gnarled hand down and over her to lock his hands around her waist.

Numerai 1 was immensely strong, and the leverage as he wrangled the young student up and out of danger made Sandy cry out with the pain of the sudden strain. But she gritted her teeth and clamped back, and flung Gerard face-downwards on the snow, the girl rolled sideways and clear, and snatched the watch-chain bag from her belt, waving it above her head!

In the sunlets beneath Lady Penelope's mansion, a strong room where doosters on all the cases in which she has been involved are kept. Here is part 4 of 7624 — the story of Sandy Burton.

Imagine an ordinary girl, with the largest diamond in the world in a bag around her waist, and her heart full of fear, and a mysterious, hooded man, determined to kill her for the stone! This is Sandy Burton, witness to murder and the queen of the underworld, believed by planes to have escaped in the lonely mountains between France and Spain! She meets a young man who tries to help her, and from the killer she learns only that Numerai 1 — but how tragedy strikes!

"Here's your diamond! It was here all the time!" The tilted eyes in the black hood telegraphed instructions toward Sandy. Numerai 1 was obviously by his side. In the same instant, Gerard had seen his chance, and despite the threshing ache in his right arm, he launched himself from the snow and sprang forward at Sandy's side.

Sandie started to run in fury, fearing as the two men rolled together in a fusillade of flurries and legs, and Sandy had a dozen impressions of Gerard's body as he shot.

"Get away, Sandy! Get away! Quick, while you have the chance!"

But Sandy stood rooted to the spot. How could she run? Her heart could leave the boy who had saved her?

Now Numerai 1 was on top, and his fine fat rose in the air like a chub! It fell . . . but Gerard writhed away, and the force of his blow took the hooded man off balance. He staggered, his hands still clutching the girl, and inviting for the cut of the long Frenchman's left-hand, which descended like the blade of a knife!

Gerard was on his feet beside Sandy, his hand grabbing for her. Those eyes were clasped on the girl, and she saw him, and the knife, and the ice-mains in the reeling limbs of unconsciousness . . .

"Run! Come on . . . run!" And with Gerard's voice ringing loud in her ears, Sandy was pulled forward in a frantic dash back towards the road!

THE ringing surface of the snow-ploughed highway was created under Numerai 1's feet as she ran with all her strength. She had to run . . . she hadn't time to think about the awful possibilities of Gerard ploughing into the crevasses . . . Sandy could feel behind her the town of Jaunasse, so suddenly behind her, this mile-long winding mountain road, and that soon she might be taken by Monsieur Martier, the man Gerard had said he was Chief of Police. So soon . . . and all her training told her to run!

But even as she, doubts began fading in to her mind, Supposing this Monsieur Martier didn't believe her story? Everything about it was so incredible . . . who would believe a girl helping her friend to escape? Who would believe that she had been held captive in a house?

As she struggled on, she felt the weight of the wash-leather bag hanging and thudding against her . . . the bag containing the fantastic diamond, and the knife, and the hooded man, and the trouble! Surely the police would believe her story when she showed that to them! They must . . . then had to!

"I can't quick glance back over her shoulder . . . my heart quaked horribly. There, no more than two hundred yards behind them, was the racing figure of Numerai 1!

"Faster, Gerard! We're not far enough!"

A second before she could have run on and on for ever . . . but now, she was startlingly conscious that a stitch was grinding her side . . . then, the blood was rising in her head . . . she was dizzy . . . the dreams she'd had at home, when the awful nightmare of wanting to run, yet feeling glued to the spot, had made her wake up in a cold sweat. It had been such a relief to run, then . . . then, but now . . .

The ground was uneven, the snow dirty, the road seemed to lurch and swing. She was sure she was going to fall. A hand leaped up . . .

"Can we hide? Can't we hide him off?" Her voice rang sharply.

"Keep going, Sandy! If we reach Jaunasse first, we're saved!" Gerard gave her hand a quick squeeze of encouragement and tugged her on, over faster.

NOW the bend . . . and startlingly, the image of the two horizontal red-and-white striped bars, laid clear across the road. The neat little white-painted post at the roadside.

"Men! Men! The mountain railway!" yelled Gerard . . . and at once the screeching wail of a train approaching the level crossing that fate had chosen for them.

New Sandy could see it. A small, black electric engine, toting its clattering line of trucks and goods vans, pulling slowly, but surely toward a steep incline, the engine belching smoke. Even if they'd had wings, they'd never have beaten it to the crossing.

Frantic, they raced to the barrier and grasped with their hands. The trucks did by . . . and now she seemed to be agonizingly slow.

Sandy looked back over her shoulder. Numerai 1 hadn't appeared yet, but he could be only mere yards away on the other side of the road.

THEN Gerard was yanking at her hand again, and in a sort of daze, Sandy felt him shave her beneath the barrier, so that her face was level with the ground, and the noise of the train . . .

"It's our only chance! Get ready to jump off!"

Gerard was roaring hoarsely above the clangor of the train. "Quickly . . . when this flat wagon reaches Sandy spared one glance behind her . . . and now Numerai 1 was in sight, his legs a blur of speed as he raced toward them.

Then the train roared past, and his body was up and over, hastling over the edge of the clattering wagon . . . and at the same time something took hold of Sandy's will, and made her leap from the precious hold and the truck jolted crazily up to meet her!

TO BE CONTINUED

FLINCH FROM EVERY SHADOW



Schooldays... Mexican Style



THE buildings are tall glass skyscrapers, the streets are studded with Cadillacs, and the skies are speckled with jets. Yet many a moustachioed Mexican gentleman can be seen walking down the newly cemented streets of Mexico City wearing his straw sombrero and striped poncho.

Maria Alvaro has lived in Mexico City all her life. She was eleven a fortnight ago.

The Alvaros live in a small but brand new house on the outskirts of the city.

"Mexico City is very poor in some parts," Maria admits, "and very luxurious in others."

Until recently she and her family lived in a block of dismal flats.

"But now in our new home, it is lovely to have our own bathroom, and for my mother to have a proper kitchen."

At 7 o'clock Maria, half-awake and rubbing the sleep from her eyes, goes into the bathroom to get washed. Since her breakfast is usually fruit—bananas or oranges—she eats it while she is getting ready.

A special bus takes Maria and her friends off school, and returns to pick them up at 5 in the afternoon. This means they never have any excuse for being late for school, which starts at 8 o'clock.

Maria goes to a school which specialises in English, and in the mornings, all the lessons are conducted in English, so she has to concentrate very hard. There are English teachers, and even the school uniform is red, white and blue! In the afternoon, the lessons are conducted in Spanish. History is Maria's favourite subject.

1 o'clock is lunch time, and as there is no school meal service, Maria takes a bus home. The meal is quite a big one. They probably start off with melon, then perhaps enchiladas,

which is a spicy mixture of chicken, flour and chilie. This is followed by fruit and coffee.

The children do not have to be back at school until 3, which means that when the sun is really hot—and it gets pretty hot in Mexico in the summer—they can have a nap in the shade. When Maria is 13 she will leave her present school and go to a secondary one. Then she will no longer attend school in the afternoons, but will have a lot of homework to do. At the moment she has hardly any.

In her free time, Maria goes to the cinema, or spends her time taking her three poodles for walks.

"Their names are Pericles, Tinlin and Blackie. Sometimes they can be very mischievous, and even annoying, but I wouldn't be without them for anything," says Maria.



The Beverly Hillbillies



MEANWHILE AT THE VITTELL'S STORE...

THE CLOTHES HAVE ARRIVED, ELLY MAY! I FOUND A GUY IN A SWELL CAR OUTSIDE THE MANNEKIN SHOW... SO AH TOLD HIM IT WAS RIGHT HERE!



Lady PENELOPE



ELEGANCE...



CHARM...



DEADLY DANGER

After seeing a sinister man named Wingard plan some microfilm to steal from Parker, Lady Penelope decides to go to Oasis, a new city in the desert where a Thunderbird show is scheduled. On the way to the international airport, Parker gains a lift in Fab One and leaves behind a deadly scorpion...



THE SCORPION DIES AS THE CONCENTRATED RAY IS INCREASED.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, M'LADY?

YES THANK YOU, PARKER... BUT MY BACK AND THE CHARGE ARE SCORCHED A LITTLE.

THIS MEANS THAT WINGARD IS SUSPICIOUS OF US, PARKER. HE HAS ALREADY SEEN ME IN THE DRESSING ROOM AND NOW WE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL.

MORA KINGSLEY IS ABLE AT EAVESDROPPING...

JOHNNY WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN OVER THE CITY OF LADY PENELope. I MUST SEE HIM.

A HOVER CAB RIDE ACROSS TOWN... A SMALLER HOTEL.

YOU WERE TOLD THAT I WOULD CONTACT YOU WHAT'S INVOLVED IN YOUR MISSION? HAVE THE MICROFILM?

YES... IT'S THE HAWK-EYE COLLECTION... BUT, JOHNNY... LADY PENELope IS HERE IN OASIS!



YES M'LADY, SHE OCCUPIES SUITE ELEVEN-FIFTEEN.

AFTER TALKING & SHOWING LADY PENELope CALLS ON ELAINE...

ELAINE, THE DARK GIRL WHO MODELLED THE GOWN IN LONDON, IS SHE HERE?

YOU MUST MEAN MORA KINGSLEY... YES, SHE'S ONE OF MY NEWEST MODELS.



AFTER A DELICIOUS SUPPER, LADY PENELope IS READY TO RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT...

AH, YOU'RE BACK, M'LADY. I WAS WORRIED. YOU KNOW, I DON'T WANT TO BE GOING TO TRY TO GET YOU AGAIN...

I ASSUME SO, PARKER...

BUT YOU NEEDN'T HAVE CONCERNED YOURSELF WITH ELAINE. MR. WINGARD IS NO ROOK. HE WON'T ATTEMPT ANYTHING IN PUBLIC.



SOUNDLESSLY, THE MAN CROUCHES TO LADY PENELope'S BED...

PARKER'S ROOM ADJOINS HER LADYSHIP'S SUITE. SHE IS SOON ASLEEP.

THE CITY SLEEPS. ALL IS QUIET. ONCE AGAIN, THE LONE FIGURE MOVE ALONG THE BALCONY OUTSIDE LADY PENELope'S ROOM...





THE



FIVE



FACES



OF



ENA SHARPHILLS!

BENNY HILL

"STRAIGHT up the stairs 'till you come to Number 7, modern." The commissionaire, round-faced, with cheeky blue eyes, smiled through his droopy moustache. Instantly it flashed through my mind . . . Benny Hill?

My footsteps echoed on the stairs. Past flats 3-5. Up another flight. Flats 6-8. I knocked on Number 7.

The door was opened by a very healthy looking housekeeper, wearing lots of bright lipstick and a tight perm.

"Do come in, Lady Penelope." She winked a pale blue eye. "Mr. Hill is just showering. Could it be . . . Benny Hill?" The housekeeper laughed coyly and skipped rather heavily into an adjacent room. Two seconds later loud baritone singing emerged from the same room.

The door opened and Mr. Hill, bearing a more than significant resemblance to both housekeeper and doorman, appeared. Smelling of toothpaste and soap, he pumped my hand warmly.

Was guided into lounge. Modern and slightly untidy—a sock and razor blade lay on the table beside two large cups of black coffee. Sat down next to a harp and a guitar.

"Now," said Mr. Hill, hooking a well-loved corduroy slipper on to his bare foot, "tell me about yourself."

COAL CLERK

"Actually, I'd prefer it if we talked about you," I replied.

He sat down on the other side of the guitar. "I was born under the name of Alfred Hawthorne Hill, and no, I wasn't given that. That would be in nineteen hundred and . . ." He suddenly leapt up. "I'll just go and get the morning's post." He disappeared. Obviously didn't want to reveal true age.

Reappeared carrying several envelopes which were plonked on the table.

As soon as he left school, Mr. Hill started work as a coal clerk. "Three weeks later I was stockroom boy in Woolworths. I used to spend half my day scraping customers' chewing gum off the floor and the other half depositing my own." He laughed cheekily and slapped his thigh. "All part of life's rich pattern."

He had just finished a tourng review by the time he was seventeen. "East Ham today, Walthamstow tomorrow, and Billeswade the day after that. I was earning £3 ten a week, and thought I was King of the World." He took a long draught of his coffee. "Yukkk! No sugar!" A small tube of slimming sweeteners was produced and two tablets dropped into the cup.

Opened mail. A fan letter from someone in Streatham.

"I spent three nights in an air raid shelter on Streatham Common," said Benny, looking a little moist under his eyes. "There wasn't a war on or anything, but I'd come to seek my fortune in London and I'd nowhere to sleep."



More fan letters. He read aloud. "Dear Benny, I think you are the greatest person on television. Love, Mother." No, I'm only kidding."

TROPICAL BEACH

Mr. Hill travels a lot. His flat is just around the corner from an air terminal.

"I don't bother packing clothes. I just get on a plane and fly away." He often writes his scripts on the plane or on some tropical beach.

I asked Benny how he gets ideas for his sketches.

"Oh, it's mostly from watching people, studying their funny little ways." He picked off a piece of crepe from the bottom of his slipper and dropped it in the ashtray. "We all have our funny little habits."

I couldn't resist asking him whether he spent a lot of money on his clothes.

"See this tie?" he said proudly, pointing to a multi-coloured strip of material hanging down the front of his shirt. "Only £18s. in Harrods, Kents!"

Mr. Hill is as funny and natural in private as he is in public, and one of the friendliest people I have ever had the good fortune to meet. In his own words he is "all part of life's rich pattern."

Here LADY PENELOPE magazine tries its hand at forecasting the future and makes some tongue-in-cheek predictions on what this year might hold for us!

1966 A LOOK AHEAD

JANUARY

(This one's easy!) Beatles start the year at the top of the charts. Spencer Davis group make the big time. Girls' dresses get shorter — knees get colder ...

FEBRUARY

Rolling Stones make film. Mary Quant, the dress designer, writes musical play, just for a change. Teachers strike (Hooray!) Charlie Drake decides to enter Grand National.

MARCH

Six feet of snow covers the country — short skirts disappear overnight and hemlines reach the ankles. Charlie Drake first past the post in the Grand National but disqualified for not having a horse.

APRIL

Ringo leaves Beatles and becomes Mayor of Liverpool. Snow gone. Skirts back to knee high. LADY PENELOPE largest selling girls' paper.

MAY

England has its summer — two days. Prince Charles starts pop group called The Blue Bloods. Mod girls go bald. It rains.

JUNE

Girls' skirts stay knee length but boys' trousers get shorter. Teachers' strike ends (boo!). Pupils' strike begins (hooray!). Cilla Black wins Wimbledon singles tennis title. It rains.

JULY

Rolling Stones and Beatles lend government a hundred million pounds all promoted to the House of Lords. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony tops charts. Clapton's broke. It rains.



OCTOBER

Sandie Shaw gets chilblains. Houses of Parliament turned into Bingo hall. Girls' skirts get longer — boys now wearing shorts. It stops raining.

NOVEMBER

Pirate pop ship runs aground in Birmingham. Mick Jagger leaves Stones and joins Supremes. Girl from U.N.C.L.E. arrests American President.

DECEMBER

Christmas. No rain for four weeks. Official drought. LADY PENELOPE ends year by topping sales record. Elvis Presley voted most promising newcomer. Herman Munster on 'VOGUE' front cover.

Prediction for Lady Penelope

FAMOUS astrologer Maurice Woodruff held another of his prediction parties recently for people with birthdays in February, and as Lady Penelope's birthday is February 14th, she was invited, along with other famous celebrities born under the same Zodiac sign.

It was quite a party! Donovan, the folk singer, was there. So was Patrick Macnee, better known as John Steed, of *The Avengers*. Then there was actor Norman Wisdom, singer Libby Morris and Michael McStay, of *No Hiding Place*. And with Lady Penelope was Wanda Webb, whom *Thunderbirds* fans will have heard of. Mr. Woodruff had plenty to tell them all about what the future held.

Mr. Woodruff's main prediction for Lady Penelope? That she should be making a trip to America in April. So this surely means that *"Thunderbirds"* is to appear then on American television!



AUGUST

British Rail make a profit. Joe Brown loses his cockney accent. New pirate radio ship anchors in Leeds. It rains.

SEPTEMBER

Blue Bloods top poll with "King of the Road" revised. Pupils' strike over in time to start new term. Donovan leaves show business and joins the army. It rains.

FREE!

STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT



Everything for the Stamp Collector ABSOLUTELY FREE, including:

- ★ Stamp Spotting
- ★ 76 Foreign and Colonial Stamps
- ★ Stamp Album
- ★ Transparent Envelopes
- ★ Prize set of 9 Hungarian stamps
- ★ Magnifying Glass

Just fill in the coupon below and enclose 9d. for postage and packing. Our famous discount pictorial Approvals will accompany each free outfit.

Please tell your parents you are writing.



Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD. (DEPT. 81), BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

FREE

SPECIAL Nature Packet

25 BOTANICAL/ZOOLOGICAL STAMPS

To get this fabulous new packet ABSOLUTELY FREE just post your coupon as soon as possible and enclose 4d. postage.

TO JET STAMPS (DEPT. NP60)

MUCH WENLOCK,
SHROPSHIRE.

PLEASE SEND ME THE SPECIAL FREE NATURE PACKET AND APPROVALS.

I ENCLOSE 4d. POSTAGE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Space Family Robinson



Two massive cosmic explosions have sent Earth's first space station speeding into an unknown galaxy. After radio contact with Earth is broken, Craig Robinson, whose family is manning the giant station, assesses the damage when his daughter Tam regains consciousness after being injured . . .





DIAL F...A...B...FOR FAB CLUB

CALLING FAB Agents everywhere! Lady Penelope here, ready to open another meeting of the Federal Agents' Bureau!

Thank you again for all the letters which have been arriving at FAB Club headquarters . . . I shall be including some of the ideas you have suggested on this page as soon as possible, so keep a watch out. As I have received so many beauty queries, I have decided to answer some of them in Beauty Corner this week.

Don't miss your chance to win a terrific suit this week—there are TEN to be won, so see the following pages for all the details.

Penelope C.W.

beauty corner QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Here are a selection of queries I have received up again and again in the FAB Club postbag. If you have a beauty query, please drop me a line and I'll do my best to help.

When I was small I used to have really fair hair, but recently it has started getting darker. Is there anything I can do about this?—Steve.

On shampoo night, squeeze the juice of a lemon into a cup, and add this to your final level of rinsing water. This should help to make your hair look brighter, Steve. Otherwise you can only lighten your hair by artificial means. There are preparations which gently lighten the hair a degree or two, such as Polyclar.

My hands always look red and rough, and I sometimes catch chilblains. Why?—Gillian.

Hands need just as much care as your face, Gillian, or the skin will dry up. And you may have poor circulation, which causes chilblains. Rub hand cream in whenever your hands have been in water, particularly if you've just done washing up or cleaned yourself clean. Try to prevent your hands with rubber gloves when washing up. The skin shrinks more when it is warm, so rub lots in at bedtime and wear cotton gloves while you sleep. Massaging with Normex cream should help get your circulation going, and you'll be more likely to avoid chilblains.

My mother says hair lacquer is bad for the hair, and won't let me wear it.—Jean.

I agree—certainly too much use of hair spray is bad. But occasional use for special occasions does no harm. Choose a mild spray which brushes out easily, like Get Set, and keep away from eyes and skin. If necessary, use a special shampoo made to remove lacquer, when washing your hair.



FAB CLUB, c/o LADY PENELOPE, 167 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4, (Comp.). Remember, if you'd like a reply to your letter, please enclose a ready-stamped, self addressed envelope.

A Cake for Steve!

IT was the occasion for a special ceremony recently when Steve, the brewery horse, celebrated his 21st birthday!

Steve, in the fourteen years he has worked at Young's brewery in London, has worn out 150 sets of shoes. This is some record for a working horse, so when he became "of age" the other week, the brewery arranged for a brass band to play "Happy Birthday" to him, and sent him a greetings telegram.

They also presented him with a cake made of delicious (to Steve, anyway!) horse feed, with 21 carrots and his name spelled out in sugar lumps. He even appeared on television, and lots of people sent him cards and carrots! Belated birthday greetings from FAB Club, Steve!

Elegance
... Chin up, shoulders straight—
and walk tall like a model girl.

Charm
... Don't speak (or worse still,
laugh) with your mouth full!

Deadly Danger
... Don't cross the road when
the traffic lights are against you!

OVERHEARD . . .

Most pop singers and groups have mascots, but did you know that one group has a ghost as a luck bringer? Dave Dee, Doty, Beaky, Mick and Tich never go anywhere without ghost Cyril by their sides!

At every meal they insist there's a place set for Cyril, and there's always a seat allocated to him in the band wagon!



A FAB CLUB FOUNDER MEMBER

Here's FAB Agent Olga Martynak, of Preston. Would you like to see your photograph on this page? Post it to me and I'll try and include it. Remember, enclose a ready stamped self-addressed envelope if you'd like it to be returned later.



Want to know . . .

... about a star or programme on television? If the programme is presented by either ATV or ABC TV, here are the addresses where you can write to find the answers. But remember, they can obviously only answer questions about their own programmes, so it's no use writing to query something presented by another company. Secondly, be sure to enclose a ready stamped, self-addressed envelope for the reply.

Questions on ATV programmes:
ATV Viewers Correspondence,
ATV House,
17 Great Cumberland Place,
London, W.1.

on ABC TV programmes:
ABC TV
Viewers Correspondence,
Broom Road,
Teddington, Middlesex.



"But . . . but you said to come in evening dress!"

FAB
FOOD
DEPT.

Old-fashioned toffee

YOU NEED:

1 lb. cube sugar

½ pint water

2 oz. Lyle's golden syrup

2 teaspoons vinegar or lemon juice

3 oz. butter

pinch of cream of tartar

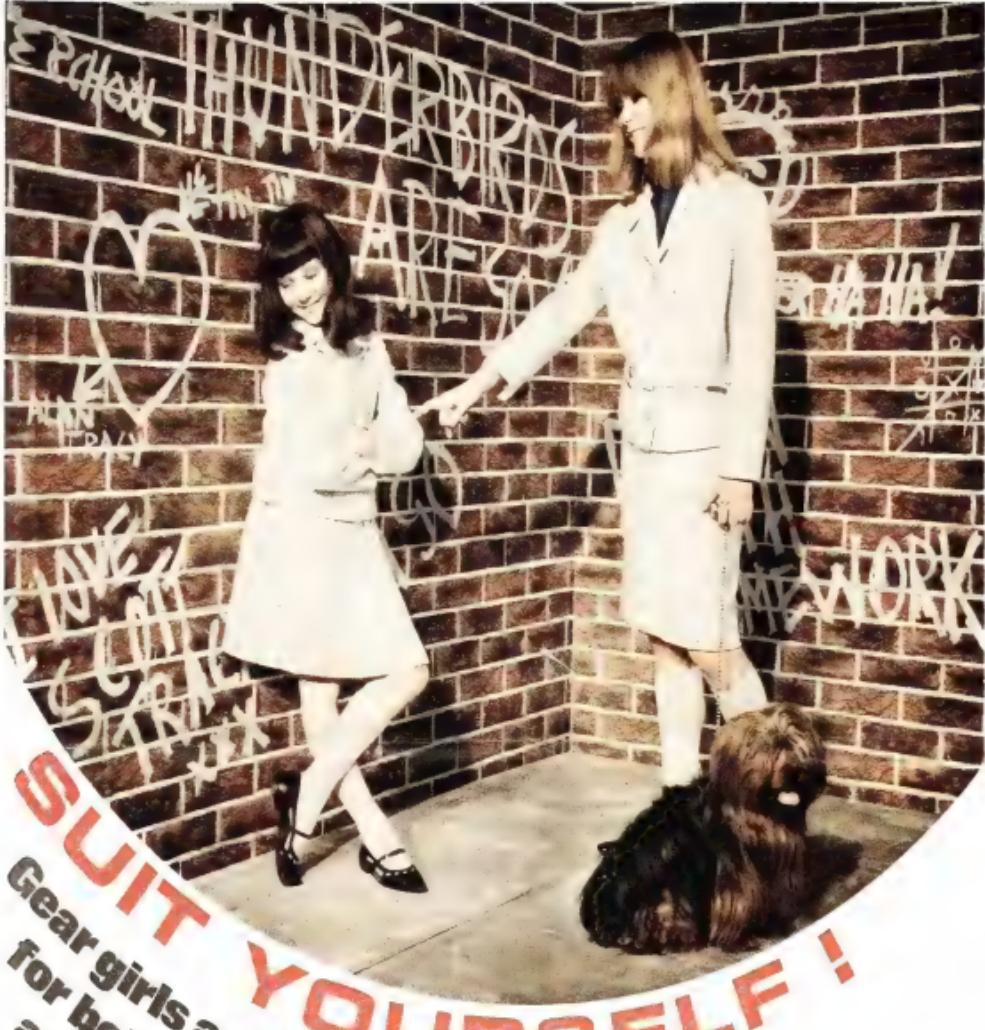
YOU JUST:

Put sugar, water, syrup and vinegar into a thick saucepan and dissolve together carefully over low heat, stirring as necessary. Add 'cream of tartar dissolved in a little water, bring to the boil and cook briskly and without stirring for a short time (until it reaches 235 deg. F., if you have a sugar thermometer).

Then test to see if it has been heated enough by putting a drop of the mixture in cold water. If ready, it should snap easily.

Remove from heat, add butter in small pieces without stirring, then re-boil. After boiling a short time, pour into an oiled tin and break up when cold.

NOTE: As this recipe requires boiling, check with your Mum first before trying it!



SUIT YOURSELF!
Gear girls are going
for belted jackets-
and there are TEN
of these with - it
suits to be won
this week!



FASHION...FASHION...FASHION...FASHION...

HERE are two top numbers from this spring's Dainty Maid collection which are smart enough for any big occasion, but look right even if you're just walking the dog!

Sally, on the left, is wearing the small girl's suit, style 722. In fine wool check, it has a pleated skirt with adjustable waistband and concealed pocket. The jacket is belted and the outfit is made in fawn or grey check. This suit will sell in sizes 24" to 34" length from approximately £6 at most big stores, including D. H. Evans and Selfridges of London, Dingles of Plymouth and branches of Lewis's stores.

Janet is wearing the Dainty Maid suit for taller girls, style 4054, which is also made in grey or fawn check. This has a belted jacket, too, but a straight skirt with a Dior pleat at the back. It is made in sizes 34" to 40" length, selling at from approximately £8 at the same stores mentioned above.

These two Dainty Maid styles make up this week's ten fashion prizes. Enter the competition on the opposite page and try to win one!

COMPETITION... COMPETITION... COMPETITION...



Wanted - New Staircarpet!

Help Lady

Penelope

pick a new

pattern for

her elegant

staircase

TEN Dainty Maid suits are waiting to be won in this week's easy competition for LADY PENELOPE readers! All you have to do is help Lady Penelope choose a new staircarpet.

The staircase is shown below as it is at present, with the old carpet, which is beginning to get threadbare. And on the right are four possible carpet patterns to replace it. Taking the present decor of the hall and staircase into consideration, decide which of the new carpets, A, B, C or D, will look best on the stairs, and place the remaining three in order of preference.

Then fill in the entry coupon below. Print your full name, address and age, and list in order of preference your choice of carpets (A, B, C or D). Then in not more than TEN words, complete the sentence "My first choice looks best because . . ." Finally, state the size, style (722 or 4054) and colour of the Dainty Maid suit you would like if you are one of the winners. If you wear 34" length clothes, you can pick either suit shown on the opposite page. If you take a larger size, you will have to stick to style 4054, and if you're smaller, you will only be able to choose style 722.

Post your entry to: LADY PENELOPE'S CARPET COMPETITION, 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.9.9 to arrive NOT LATER than Tuesday, February 15, 1966.

RULES: All entries will be examined, and the ten which, in the opinion of the judges, have the most original completed sentence and are correctly selecting the carpet, will be winners. The senders of these entries will each receive a Dainty Maid suit as shown on the opposite page.

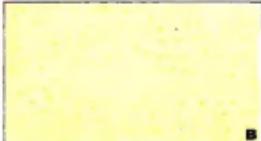
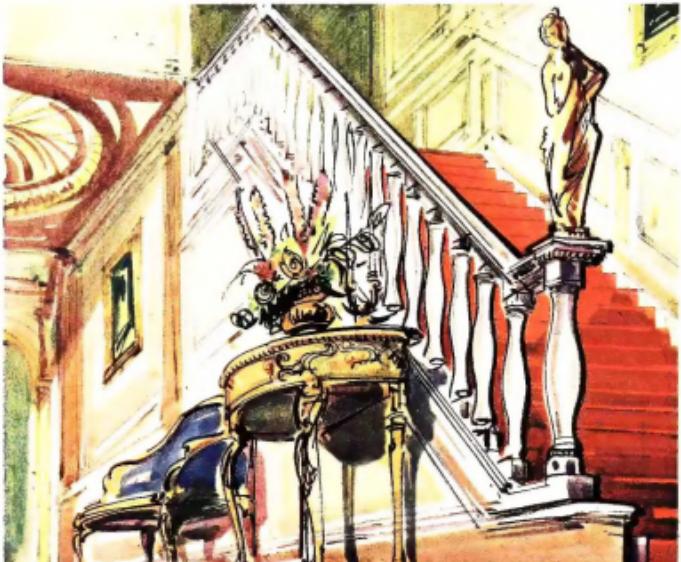
Age and sex will also be taken into consideration when the entries are judged. ENTRY IS FREE.

The Competition is open to all readers in the U.K. other than relatives or agents of employees of A. P. Fins (Merchandising) Ltd., City Magazines, Ltd., or LADY PENELOPE magazine.

The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in this competition and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERED INTO CONCERNING IT. Do not enclose any other correspondence, photographs or queries with your entry. Any entries which do so are liable to disqualification. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

Winners' names will be printed in LADY PENELOPE as soon as possible. Winners will be notified by post within three weeks after closing date.

CLOSING DATE: Tuesday, February 15, 1966.



CARPET COMPETITION

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE

In order of preference, my choice of carpets are:

1st 2nd 3rd 4th

My first choice looks best because

.....
.....
.....
(Limit 10 words)

If I win I would like a Dainty Maid suit in style number

size

colour choice

Post To: LADY PENELOPE'S CARPET COMPETITION, 317, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.9.

WITH ONE TWITCH, SHE'S A WITCH! NO NEED TO SPELL IT OUT—THE MAGIC OF SAMANTHA IS HERE!

BENITCHED

HOW NICE SAMANTHA!
PERHAPS I CAN GIVE
YOU A HAND.

I CAN CERTAINLY
DO WITH A LITTLE
HELP. WOULD YOU
PASS A TIN OF
FLOUR, PLEASE?

CERTAINLY, MY DEAR! I'LL USE
A LITTLE LEVITATION AND SAVE
MY POOR OLD FEET.

CAREFUL, AUNT
CLARA. YOU KNOW
HOW YOU'VE ALWAYS
GOTTEN YOUR MAGIC
MIXED UP.

AUNT CLARA DOES IT AGAIN!

OH, DEAR,
DON'T MEAN
IT TO DO THAT.

WELL,
YOU TRIED,
ANYWAY!

AN HOUR LATER...

THE DOOR BELL —
THAT MUST BE DARRIN.
THANK GOODNESS
EVERYTHING IS READY!

I'D BETTER GO,
SAMANTHA. I'LL
JUST POP THROUGH
THE WALL.

BUT, ONCE AGAIN, AUNT CLARA
GETS A LITTLE MIXED UP!

ER, HELLO,
DARRIN!

ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, MR.
CADWELL?

EXTRAORDINARY!
SHE SEEMED TO COME
STRANDING THROUGH
THE DOOR!

SO YOU'RE DARRIN'S AUNT, THEN?
YOU MUST STOP FOR DINNER! I LIKE
TO MEET THE FRIENDS OF THE MAN
WHO HOPES TO DO BUSINESS
WITH ME.

OH, NO...

SOMEHOW, THEY REACH THE
TABLE IN ONE PIECE.

SAMANTHA IS
ABOUT TO SERVE
DINNER FOR MR.
CADWELL. I'M
SURE YOU'D
FEEL ABSOLUTELY
DELICIOUS.

I'M SURE I WILL...
JUST AS LONG AS IT
ISN'T BROKEN FOR
SOME REASON. IT
ALWAYS BRINGS ME
OUT IN BOOZE BUMPS.



SAMANTHA ENTERS WITHOUT HEARING MR. CADSWELL'S LAST REMARK.

OH MY GOODNESS! HE DOESN'T LIKE CHICKEN, AND THAT'S JUST WHAT SAMANTHA HAS COOKED!

I'LL GO AND GET THE VEGETABLES.

I'D BETTER CHANGE IT INTO A... NICE RABBIT PIE. SMITHENWARP!

MM... DID YOU EVER SMELL ANYTHING SO... HUULUUH?

CONFUSED IT! I'VE ONLY JUST LEARNED THAT SPELL, TOO!

I'VE HEARD OF FOOD BEING UNDERDONE... BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

I'D BETTER SEND THAT LITTLE DARLING BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM!

WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHERE'S THE MEAL GONE?

IN THE NICK OF TIME, SAMANTHA COMES TO THE RESCUE...

I WASN'T GOING TO RELY ON WITCHCRAFT TO MAKE THIS DINNER A SUCCESS... BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT!

AAAAHHHH!

WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING, BEFORE I GO OUT OF MY MIND?

EXPLAIN IT! OH WELL... IT'S, ER... VERY SIMPLE REALLY... !

OH, DEAR POOR DARRIN!

BUT BEFORE DARRIN CAN EVEN BEGIN TO EXPLAIN...

YOU KNEW I WANTED A MAN WITH IMAGINATION TO HANDLE MY ACCOUNT, SO YOU FIXED UP THIS TERRIFIC STUNT!

WELL, IF YOU P-PUT IT LIKE THAT...

A TRICK LIKE THAT SHOULD BE KEPT A SECRET! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!

BLESS YOU, AUNT CLARA!

ER... WHAT DID I DO?

Marina GIRL OF THE SEA



After signing a peace treaty with Aphony, the evil Titan orders the city of Pacifica to be destroyed . . .



BUT THEIR DEPARTURE DOES NOT GO UNOBSERVED...



IN HIS PALACE, TITAN HEARS THE NEWS...



MEANWHILE, TERROR FISH SCANNERS ARE SWEEPING THE AREA...

TWENTY MARINE MILES HAVE BEEN COVERED BY THE THREE REFUGEES FROM PACIFICA...



THE TWO AQUAPHIBIANS LEAVE THEIR VESSEL...

